

17.
SCOTLANDS
COMPLAINT.

Vpon the death of our late Soveraigne
KING IAMES
of most happy memorie.

BY

Mr. D. PRYMEROSE.

— *Quis talia fando,*
Temperet à lachrymis —



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TO THE VERIE
NOBLE,

&
ILLVSTRIOVS LORD,
IOHN

EARLE OF MARRE,

LORD ERSKEINE, GARIOCH,
AND ALLOWAY, &c.

HIGH THESAURER OF SCOTLAND,

Knight of the most noble order of the
Garter, and one of his M. most honora-
ble priue Counsell in both Kingdomes.

MY LORD;

In this common calamitie of our late Soverainges death, (of whom it standes in doubt, whether his Life was more laudable and admired, or his Death more deplorable and regrated) out of a respectfull and reverent duetie to his Majesties blest memorie, in this time of vniversall mourning, I haue drawne vp, in a measured and footed stile, some Elegies, and Panegyrick verses; to rouse and stirre vp, by an exemplarie Imitation, some more refined wits, (which owe their abilities and best endeavours to this Princelie, and lamentable subject) to goe forward with mee in the course of publicke sorrow; and to devote their Hearts and Arte, to the serious condoling this vniversall losse; the griefe whereof, is not
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THE EPISTLE

bounded by the Sea-bordering limits of his M. dominions, but is streatched out and spread abroad, as farre as the trumpet of Fame, (which hath borrowed all mens mouthes to sound the Heroick vertues most perspicuouslie eminent in our late Sovereigne) is heard: and chiestlie, his M. vnparelled Pietie, and Goodnesse. And for the first, was it not cleere by the whole progresse of his blessed Life, that Hee was ever most anxious, and carefull to maintaine the Profession, (whereof Himselfe was a Princelie, and practicall example) of the true and catholick Religion. The vse and practise whereof, Grace from aboue, and industrious Learning had so refyned in him, & turned to so excellent a temper; that all the good Kings of the World, (of whom it is said Omnes bonos Principes in vno annulo posse perscribi,) were but as small starres compared to this raying Planet. And all those properties, which Holy write doth attribute to the few good Kings of Israell, & Iuda; and dispersed among them, did all concur (as Prophetically epithets) in one symbolizing harmony, to make vp the persite patterne and modell of a most excellent King in the person of his Majestie. And to his Goodnesse (a vertue answerable to Theologicall charitie) it was of a splendour so transparent in his M. as the forgetfull silence of future times should never haue the power to smother, or extinguish. And therefore should Hee not justlie be called *φίλαδελφεός*, who alwayes affected the weale, and good of his subjects; yea, of all men; His Iustice was ever mixed with mercie; and His wrath, though justlie conceived, was tempered, and mitigated with the smooth oyle of his naturall clemencie; so that the Poets speech may bee turned ouer to Him;

Hee did but hate the fault, and not the faultie one.

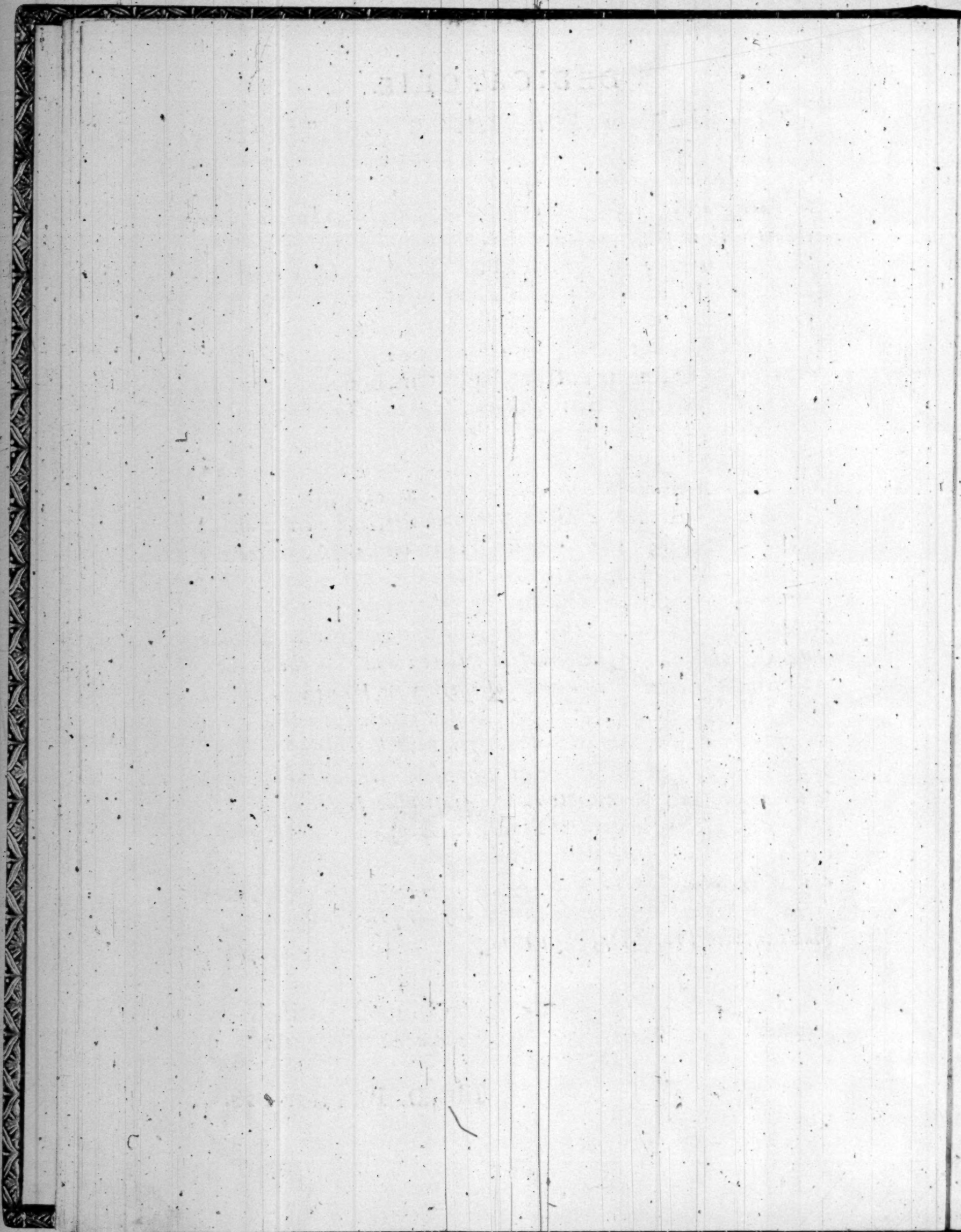
Compare him also with Ethnickes, and Paynim Princes, whose radiant and splendide vices were busked vp with the false ornaments of vertue; and you shall find that theretbe best of them, as their Titus, their Trajane, &c. were but obscure glimpses, & as it were a twilight, in respect of that All-refreshing Sonne, which is risen in our age to this Northerne World: For their supposed morall vertues were but enforced sparkes, and flashes of fire, glancing from the counter of pride, and naturall magnanimitie; and in this kinde a Beast tamed by industrie, as they were by precepts and imitation, may bee
called

DEDICATORIE.

called generous. But our *SOVERAIGNES* morall parts, were true flames of sacred fire, (still burning vpon the altar of Faith, offering vp the sweet smelling sacrifice of prayers, and contrition; nature and grace concluding and consummating in Him, what is most excellent both in practick Theologie, and morall Philosophie. It is said by a learned Man, *Pulchra hæc laudatio, O virum doctum! sed illa melior, O virum sapientem! & ista optima, O virum bonum!* But all the three haue met together in this Wonder of Time, not a Man only, but a King; so that we are obliged with admiration to cry out; *O Regem doctum, sapientem, bonum!* and that by excellence; and in a superlative degree. To explain by induction these His M. heroick parts deserveth whole Volumes, long tract of time, penne of the most approved, and tongues of the most admired Spirits, wherein to bee summar and by an vmbragious vaile to lessen the native splendour of so excellent a Light, were impietie, and a crime almost of Læse-Majestie; Therefore being of a meane stature, for feare of drowning, I will not wade too farre in this Ocean. But knowing that as your L. by nature and education, by common duetie of a subject, and many speciall obligations; was tyed in the most strict and forcible bond of sincere love, to your deceased Prince: and that the threnes, and grips of sorrow at this time possesseth your Heart; So I am sure, that these doleances, and complaints (abruptlie bursted forth when first mine cares suckt in the never-enough deplored newes of His M. decease, as Symboles and tokens of my love, and allegiance) will bee fauourable accepted, and gratiousely protected by Your authoritie. That fountaine of Your L. excellent and eminent qualities, apparent to all, hath streamed to mee some effects of Your gratiouse favour, which in Will, wishes and performance of all dueties, and service that may fall vnder the compasse of my power, and abilitie, I shall endeavour to acquyte, Remaining

Your L. most ductifull,
and addicted servitour

Mr. D. PRYMER OSE.



SCOTLANDS COMPLAINT.

WHAT pressing pangs bee those? what waues of woe returne?
It seem'th each fatall Day doth teach, another day to mourne:
Griefe following griefe; and Sorrow tracing sorrow,
This day too flowing and too deepe, are shallow found to morrow.

For while in Silence sad, all Solace forc'd to shunne,
Mine Agonies were fresh and greene, my Plaintes but new begunne.
Behold, the worst Assault, O pittie-lesse Excesse!
Now am I forc'd to beare the great, that scarce could beare the lesse.

Was it not more than much? within short space to finde,
Three Burgeons of the Royall Blood in Coffins sad inshrind.
But that mine Eares should heare, or dazled Eyes should see,
Mine home-bred Deare, thryse-sacred S I R E, O Sorrow! breathlesse lye

Light Cares are cur'd by Speach, and vented get reliefe,
But secret Silence doth bemoane, a Soule surcharg'd with Griefe.
So should a chilling cold, haue lul'd my Vitall part,
Into a dull Lethargicke Sleepe, and sopped downe mine heart.
Like wretched Niobe, or Bibles frightfull Feares,
The one was turn'd into a Stone; the other into Teares.

But that arising Sunne, in State and Majestie,
With golden Beames enlightned hath, my Neighbour Coastes & mee.
That blest and Royall Plant sprung of His Sacred S I R E,
Hath breath'd new Comfort to my Soule, and Hope to my Desire.
So then I neede not doubt, but Heauen shall make mee proue,
From Father glyding to the Sonne, refreshing streames of Loue.
For signes of future Happe, my calmed Minde assure,

As blest JAMES did, Great CHARLES shall, my Weale and Peace
Yet can I not but mourne, and Sorrowes thesaurize, (procure
While heere to my deceased L O R D, my Loue I sacrifice.
Vnto your Glorious Ghost, my Princely-Saint I vow,
Ingrauen on mine Heart to keepe, fresh memorie of You.

SCOTLANDS COMPLAINT.

That day shall never dawne, that shaddowing night shall never
Spread fable courtaines ou'r my Coast, and this Horizon cover,
But consecrate I shall, my long-acquainted SYRE,
To You, the praises of my lips, my thoughts, and my desire.
And though my orphane fieldes, His wonted splendour want,
Yet daylie service shall bee done to my adored Saint.
All times and ages shall; while measured time doth laste,
And till the Angels trumpet sound, to tell that time is past,
Unfold to wondring Earth, this worke of nature chiefe,
Which pondered right, will move in men, more marvaile nor believe.
Since Heav'ns did never grant, to any mortall King,
So soone, so well, so sure, so long, and in such peace to reigne.

For since his Royall grace, to three moe Crownes was cal'd,
And by a free applause of all, most gloriouslie install'd;
Mee thought my darkned Name did then include my Fate,
And with an everlasting Night had threatned mine estate;
But O! the gracious beames of His transcending Face,
Were ever present to procure, my health, my wealth, my peace.
And though His absence seem'd, a wofull want to bee,
Yet prov'd His present power, and love, a sure reliefe to mee.
His Princelie selfe retir'd, did hee not leave behind
A seat of Iustice fil'd by men, agreeing to His minde,
And when pale Death by times had prun'd that fruitfull Tree,
An Impe of prooffe is quickelie drest, that want for to supplie.

Great *Alexanders* Speech by dying Voyce exprest,
Wil'd His Monarchick Crowne and Reigne be granted to the best:
Such was our SOVERAIGNES choise, such was His constant Will.
That Places voide, the wisest, and the vvorthiest men should fill.

Witnesse that Noble Peere, chiefe States-man of this Land,
Whom all doe loue, whom all obey, who doth in loue command:
Of *Nerva* made by fate Sole-Monarch of the Earth
Was said, to haue bene fortunate in Life, but more in Death,
That left to beare the sway of *Romes* farre-spred Impyre,
Great *Trajane* whose Heroicke Partes all Ages did admyre.
So let my modest Muse account Him happie twyse,
Who blest in Life, hath by His Death made this bright Star to ryse.

But

SCOTLANDS COMPLAINT.

But O! it was not Hee, and if it was by chance,
His end gaue place, and was no cause, which did this Peere aduance.
O! No, it was my S I R E, whose Heauen-inspyred Heart,
Knew when, to whom, and how Hee should, His Honours all im-
Hee found that generous Spirit first States-man fit to bee, (part
Then for Him-selſe, and now vnto, His Royall Sonne and mee.

O! if it were my choise, no Time, no Power, nor Fate,
Should haue the force to change or moue these Minions of my state.
Strong Pillars meete for mee; by choise not chance erected,
Are for their Knowledge, Loue and Skill, so worthilie respected
Of mee and mine, that now I feele no present crosse,
Saue that too sharpe and publicke griefe of my late Soueraignes losse.
The thought of which Distresse, and agonizing woe,
I feare no Traſt, no change of Time, shall make mee to for-goe.

That *Macedonian* PRINCE, who vnacquaint with Feares,
Did neuer bow to forraine Force, perforce must yeeld much Teares,
For when His fauorite arrested was by Death,
Hee could not Sorrow's passion daunt, that had subdu'd the Earth,
But was so plung'd in woe, for his deare Minions sake,
That Maugre all His Princes toyle, no comfort Hee would take,
Till *Amons Iupiter*, enforc'd Him to for-beare,
And fray'd the superstitious King from shedding of a Teare,
Suggesting falsely that His Minion best belou'd,
Was rankt in Heauen, a Deitie by all the gods approu'd.
That flaming fires of Ioye, and Sacrifices must
Cherish the teare-provoked wrath of God *Ephestions* Ghost.

More cause haue I to mourne, no priuate losse is mine,
That Majestie is now vnseene, that ouer all did shine.
Those Beames of Beautie are shrunke vnder-neath the Earth,
That Tongue diuine is silenc'd now, and by this onely Death,
Ten thousand die at once, since life to griefe annex'd,
Is but a liuing Death, or then a dying Life perplex'd.

Yet since that Paynim Prince by cunning slight was eas'd,
And through believing what was false, had all his woes appeas'd:
Why? should not I and mine, lift vp our weeping eyes,
And find King I A M E S in Majestie, above the azur'd Skies.

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Where

SCOTLANDS COMPLAINT.

Where Angels Songes are heard, such as his Sacred Grace,
By His *Lepanto* shewes to bee in that excelling place,
O then! why should wee mourne, and shed such stormes of Teares?
Or fright our Soules with agonies, or fill our Hearts with Feares.
Since what hee novv enjoyes, the smallest graine is more,
Than all the Pleasures summ'd in one, vvhich Hee enjoy'd before.
Heere, heere, by Faith wee trust, tymes period last compleete,
Saintes glorified; with glories Crowne our Soueraigne crown'd to meet.
Soft then my plaining Muse, and though in homelie Phraise,
Not what's His due, but what thou canst sob forth vnto His praise.

Behold Him first a Man, survey his priuate wayes,
And then confesse Him to haue beene, the Glorie of our Dayes.
Bright Mirrour set on high, most glorious to detect
The inward beautie of Him-selſe, and others fraile defect.
His Minde a Magazin, of Heauen-infused Grace,
Still yeelding fruites of Faith to God, and breathing Loue and Peace
To mortall men on Earth, with such a fragrant smell,
This large Theater hath indew'd, that after Ages shall
Complaine of posting Time, which rob'd them of the sight
Of Natures Darling, Earths triumph, G O D S Minion, Mans delight

Then turne with gazing Eyes, behold His Kinglie partes,
A PRINCE of Peace, a KING of Men, a Conquerour of Heartes,
For vnderneath His Winges, which all the World admires,
I breathed haue the aire of Peace now neare thrise twentie yeares.

What forraine Force or Power, what Death menacing bandes,
Aduenture durst r'approach the Coast of my Sea-bordring Landes.
What ciuill Broyle did staine, in those *Halcyons* dayes,
My backe with blood, or fill my breast with feare, or cares with frayes.
For some coelestiall Power so circuled Him about,
That to approach His Sacred Shryne, all Furies stood in doubt.
And arm'd at strongest prooffe, Christs Champion, did repell
All charmes, and thundring Powder-plots, hatch'd in the depth of hell.
Yea, from His Cradle forth, th'Eternall Him prepar'd,
Emplumed Squadrons set a part, to bee His surest Guard.

His Throne a Center was approaching neare the Deitie.
Whereon two Pillers were erect'd of Iustice and of Pietie.

IEHOVA'S

SCOTLANDS COMPLAINT.

IEHOVA'S diuine Will, first model'd in the Heauen,
 With Gold Charecters on the two, by curious Airt ingraven,
 Tell that in power, and will, our Monarch still was able,
As Gods great Vice-Roy to defend th'one and other Table.
 Who could or durst presume, to call this power in doubt,
 Since *Iuda's Lyon* to the World, our Lyon did send out.
 And to ennoble his strength the more and Name for to aduance,
 Did *Englands Leopards* adjoyne, and *Golden Flowers of France*.
 So His religious Will was published to the Earth,
 By sound of Fame in Word and Worke, in Life and seal'd in death.

But of this *Hero's* life the progresse to receit,
 Not Mans abortiue birth of speach, but *Angels Tongues* are meit.
 Come then You learned Band that on my Coastes doe dwell,
 And tasted haue the christall streames of *Aganippe's Well*.

But His Monarchicke Muse, I first of all adjourne,
 Who wont about fresh *Doyan's Bankes*, old Monarch's fate to mourne.
 Thy grieve-surcharged Spirit, rouze vp with Sacred Fyre,
 And solemnize the obsequies, of thine anoynted S Y R E.
 In measured Accents reare, whole *Iliad's* to His praise,
 And our *Pelidas* deifie, by thine immortall Layes.
 Or then in stately Prose, (for well thou canst) penne foorth,
 New *Xenophon*, thy *Cyrus* life, and vmbrage of his worth.

Next t Thou deare Minion, whose sweete Nectar-flowing Tong,
 In Hymnes diuine, *Meliades*, and feasting-Forth hast song.
 Come Darling mine take part, shed foorth some pretious teares,
 With sopping sorrow fill all heartes, with plaining charme all Eares.
 Dresse Trophies new to woe, vnceasing sighes among,
 Let *Fasting-Forth* not Feasting bee, the subject of Thy Song,
 Let all his Streames bee blacke, which earst haue Chrystall beene,
 And let his Bankes bee turn'd in jette, his curled Medowes greene
 Assume *Chameleon-like* a Pitchie-coloured hew,
 And all those rare eye-pleasing Flowers, which in his Garden grew.
 Bee chang'd in *Prophyrie*, or in that polish'd Stone,
 Which to thy statelie Pyramide, *Paros* did yeelde alone.

Scarce was the golden Sunne thrise hidden from mine Eyes,
 Scarce thrise had plung'd his purple Beames in the *Hesperian Seas*.

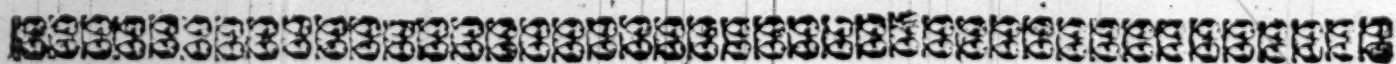
SCOTLANDS COMPLAINT.

After my Sacred LORD had yeelded vp aboue
His glorious Ghost, into the hands of His eternall Lowe.
And ere these fatall newes were come vnto mine Eares,
The boistrous Wind did tempestes figh; the Heauen did melt in teares;
And Forth in such a rage, as was not seene before,
His wonted Limits far ou'r-reach'd, and channel'd vp the Shore.

Peace foaming Forth, I know thine East-ward flowing Streames,
Rancountred haue some swelling Tyde, which wafting from the Thames.
Sought forth Thy SOVERAIGNES fate, as then vnknowne to mee,
So spytefull Thou vpbraid'st all those that would not mourne with Thee.

Peace Forth, that Day will come, and perchance is at hand,
When thy best Hope, Great CHARLES shall vpon the Sea-banks
When shoutes of Ioy shall cheare, thy now-deserted Shore, (stand.
And make Thy Nymphes, and Tritons feast, as they haue done before.
When Thy sweete Poet shall imploy yet once againe,
To point the presence of his PRINCE, his Muse-inspyred Pen.

And last, Yee choifest Spirites, whose paines and well-spent Toyle,
Did my late SOVERAIGNE welcome Home to His true native Soyle.
Though dissonant in partes, in Harmonie accord,
To eternize the diuine Actes, of my triumphing LORD.
So many Healthes as then, You did to Him bequeath,
As many Fare-welles bid His Ghost, which now hath left the Earth.
And when the Tragicke sound, of those Farevvells are done,
As many Wel-comes bid againe, to His thryse-Sacred S O N N E.



EPILOGVS.

O F ENGLANDS Virgine Queene, what was and iustlie said?
Shee was on Earth the first, and is in Heauen the second Maide.
Is turn'd to Heauen-blest I A M E S, and Angels all doe sing,
Hee was on Earth the first, and is, in Heauen the second King.

F I N I S

